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Bates College

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THE BATES STUDENT



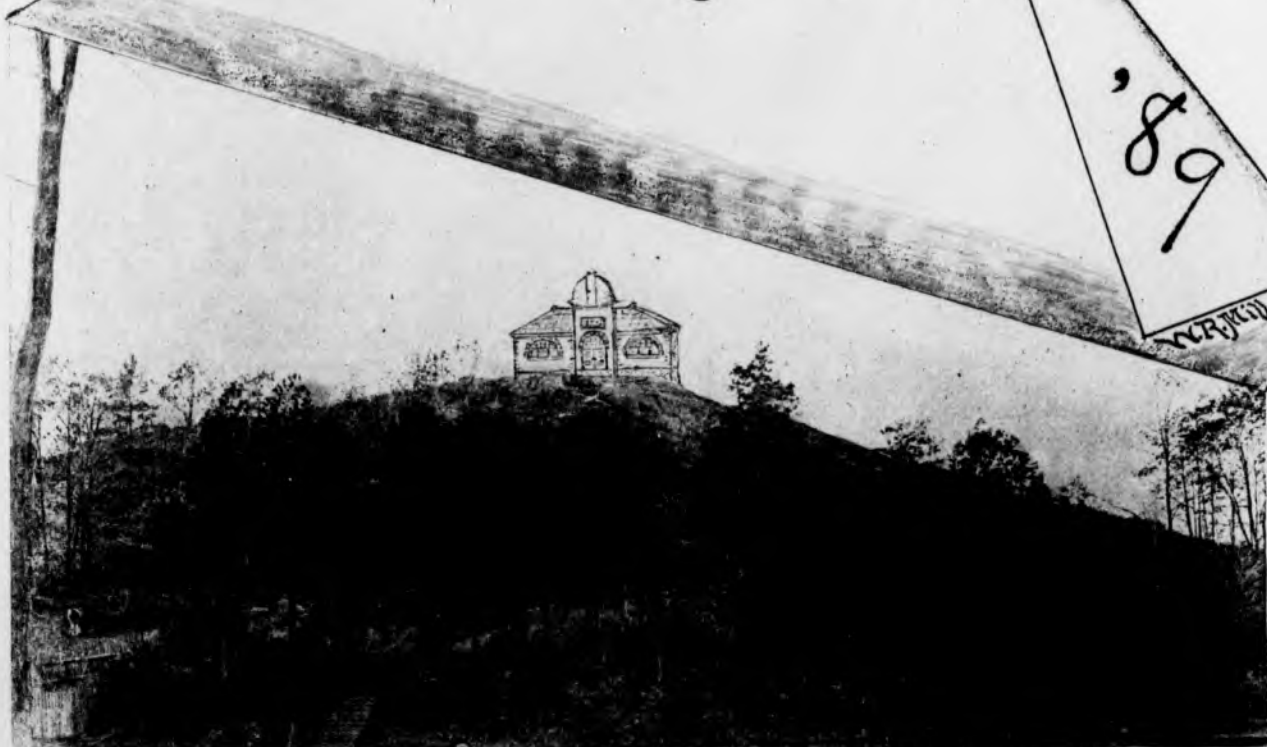
Number 1.



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Volume.

'89

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THE BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVI.

JANUARY, 1888.

No. 1.

THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

CLASS OF '89, BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, ME.

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EDITORIAL.

PROGRESS is the spirit of the age; even our college magazine has felt its influence and hereafter will appear in a slightly larger form. The new covers of the STUDENT are also indicative of prosperity. The observatory, so prominently brought into notice, is no longer a matter of mere conjecture, but an assured reality, and henceforth David Mountain will have additional interest for student and pleasure-seeker. Our thanks are due Mr. W. R. Miller, of the class of '89, for the new and unique design.

ONE pleasant, robust personage, whom we used to see and love very much, has gone away from us. We miss him because he was a friend to all of the boys. He is now emaciated, dyspeptic, and dying unattended. You all know him. His name is Athletics, and the extreme sadness in this case, of his dissolution and decay, lies in the fact that his death is entirely unnecessary, the medicine is at hand in profusion. No one will administer it. If only some kind hands will take the spoon of resolution and pour a little enthusiasm down his withered

neck, stagnation, chronic inertia, and discouragement would evacuate his system like rats from a burning ship. And before nature begins to think of spring again we can have systematic, harmonious, and strong athletic work going on here. Don't we need it? Can not we have it? Greek thrives, mathematics thrive, societies thrive, the Y. M. C. A. thrives,—athletics are nowhere. We need to be deeply interested in good athletic work for our separate selves and for the college. We need to begin at once. We need to be united in operation. This is a variety of work that cannot be carried on alone any more than a man can get up a good laugh alone. Surely, we have not all the modern instruments of convulsion in our gymnasium, all the side-dishes of gymnastic apparatus, so to speak. But we have the main course, the beef-steak and the bread, and the baked-beans of paraphernalia, and what we want to do is to *eat*. From cheerful, hearty athletic exercise a man incorporates into his personality a kick power, a push power, and a thrust power, that neither contemplation nor half-hour studies with the best authors can inaugurate, a power which is necessary in life, if you would ever influence men and women; a power which is essential, to get one's own living by and by, even if you do not happen to own a steam mill or cotton factory. As a rule what do those fiberless characters who alimient on toast, skim-milk, and metaphysics amount to in the world? What is the breadth and depth of their discourses? Individuals who never mudded their congress shoes nor raised

a blister. Perhaps they adjust some of the fine silken threads, embroider some delicate monogram in the human web. But are they the men who pull the grimy ropes that move the tug? Are they the ancestors of strong men? What a fine thing that man who can laugh hearty, tramp all day, lug the basket, play with the boys, and yet who is elevated by beauty, who can take Mr. Shakespeare by the hand and not feel embarrassed? Shall we not very soon have an endowment for our gymnasium,—an endowment of living presence of Indian clubs and base-balls (in motion), an endowment of time and strengthening competition?

IN looking back upon the work in the two societies the past year, one feature is very striking—the part which the girls or young ladies take in the meetings. Recitations and songs are expected of them and that is about all. A very few will take part in the debates, and only a very few; the most of them seem to feel that debating belongs only to the gentlemen, and their duty is done, provided they listen comparatively quiet, and look properly appreciative if they happen to be referred to in a complimentary strain. But is that all that should be expected of them? The young ladies are not honorary but active members, and as such should consider it as necessary for them to think and talk on the different subjects as for the gentlemen. Many of the subjects discussed are, or ought to be, of as much importance to the co-eds. as to anybody. Public schools, universal suffrage—such ques-

tions as these should be of common interest.

Why not institute a reform? Could not something be done? Make preparation on the question compulsory; hold the subject up constantly and let the ladies understand that it is as much for their advantage to gain fluency in speaking and ease and clearness in thinking, as it is for the gentlemen. Let this be seriously considered and some action taken, and see if this coming year the interest may not be made more universal.

THIS year promises to be one of decided improvement at Bates. Already the hall and chapels and society rooms have been lighted by gas; other improvements have been made in the society rooms, and it is rumored that the recitation rooms and chapels will soon be heated by steam. The library, under the supervision of Professor Stanton, has been thoroughly overhauled, the dust and cobwebs brushed from the dark corners, the books rearranged and shelves to accommodate 3,000 volumes, added and nearly filled. Three electric lights have been placed on or near the campus. The grading in front of Parker Hall has been extended to the line of the drive way across the campus, and we are promised a new and nicer fence in the spring. The road to the top of the mountain has been commenced and it is hoped that the corner-stone of the observatory will be laid next June. There is a prospect that Belcher Hall will soon be built and the co-eds placed on an equal with the boys in the advantages of a

dormitory on the campus. It is also stated on good authority that there will ere long be several new professors added to the Faculty.

In the general progress and improvement we hope the needs of the physical man will not be neglected, and consequently our gymnasium and regular gymnastic instruction and exercise.

A REPORT of the second annual business meeting and banquet of the N. E. I. P. Association, established last February, will be noticed in another column. The object of the association is the furtherance of literary interest among the colleges, the elevation of the standard of college journalism and the promotion of social intercourse among the editorial staffs. At the organization there were thirty-four persons present, representing nineteen journals from fifteen colleges, while at the meeting of December 9th only twenty persons were present and but twelve papers represented.

One reason given for this diminished representation was the inconvenience to many of the date assigned for the convention. In the majority of New England colleges the press of work in December, occasioned by the semi-annual examinations and a great increase in the required amount of magazine literature, rendered it almost impossible for the editors to leave until after the holidays. Hence the appointment of the next meeting for February 22, 1889, when it is expected that at least all magazines at present in the association will be represented, and, acting upon the instructions given to

the members at the last meeting, we herein extend an earnest invitation to all papers heretofore unrepresented to also be present.

The constitution entitles each paper in every college and technical institute in New England to send representatives and to cast one vote in all matters presented for consideration at the business session.

The expense entailed by membership is very slight, while the literary and social advantages to be derived are considerable. Who does not give more attention to, and consequently obtain more pleasure and profit from the prose article or poem of a personal acquaintance than from that of an entire stranger? Or what is more productive of harmony than the discussion of a sumptuous banquet?

The prime object of the association, however,—the furtherance of literary interest and the elevation of college journalism—was not, in our opinion, given due prominence at the last meeting.

To direct attention more especially to this object we would suggest that the executive committee call upon a number of papers to prepare articles upon some subject relating to the needs and acquirements of college journalism to be read at the next convention. Many matters of particular interest could thus be discussed more thoroughly and satisfactorily than if resort were to be had merely to the columns of the magazines.

Further information of the object and workings of the association may be had from the constitution soon to be

printed and circulated among the different colleges. Let us hope that a warm interest will be awakened in the association, and that sufficient representation be present at the next convention to voice the sentiments of every paper as to the ideal college journal.

SOME reasons why we should not: 1st—Because the constitution says no. 2d—For if we did it would become necessary to withdraw from the inter-collegiate Young Men's Christian Association. 3d—The ladies can institute an organization distinctly their own.

Some reasons why we should: 1st—This is a full-blooded co-educational college. 2d—It is not practicable for the ladies to organize a Young Woman's Christian Association, because many of their places of residence are so removed from the college that they cannot easily attend, and some of the leading ones would be excluded even from such an association on account of belonging to a church outside the evangelical alliance. 3d—The ladies pay the expense required by this institution and are full members, and therefore have a right to the privileges of the college—class, social, and religious. On that statement some one says, "Why not have them enter the Base-Ball League?" Well, why not? Why does not your sister chop wood? She is a member of the household, and that is one of the privileges. Nature and inclination preclude the ladies from base-ball and the chopping department. But nature and inclination and position are all reasons why they

should enjoy the religious privileges and engage in the service here. We do not criticise the Y. M. C. A., but we do question its adaptation to the requirements of Bates. Were you residing in a household where there were no ladies, it would be easy and natural to have an arrangement precluding ladies from the table service. But how is it with people who enter a family where woman is an element. Shall they say, "Madame, please retire while we are here. There is a custom followed by our friends precluding ladies from the table, so please withdraw."

This question needs the reflection of the students. We need an organization eligible to all members of the college. We need an association eligible to a Unitarian, an Episcopalian, or a Universalist, as well as a Baptist; an organization whose requirement is not sex nor creed, but virtuous intention.

WE are glad to learn that Massachusetts is to have a new college for ladies. Mr. Fay, a Massachusetts man, but who has for a long time resided in California, has offered, for founding a female college, \$600,000 to the town in Massachusetts which will raise \$400,000. Cambridge desires to have the college located there, but Rev. E. E. Hale is working hard to have it connected with the Clark University at Worcester, and it is probable that the new institution will find its home there. We believe the girl should have as good opportunities for securing an education as the boy. Education rather than the ballot should raise woman to a higher position, if there be one. We are not

anti-suffragists, but we have wondered that so many of the most influential ladies of to-day should think that the first and most imperative call of duty is to revolutionize politics. Doubtless such a condition would increase the desire for knowledge and would necessitate more schools and colleges for them. Should the ladies that work so hard to bring about a change in political affairs unite their strength to promote a stronger desire and better means for a higher education, the whole sex would be benefited more by their labors.

There is a great field of labor opened to those who will enter it, not only to help those that are needy to become educated, but to show to girls of wealth something nobler than the frivolities of fashionable society.

ALLUSIONS disparaging to the value of the newspaper, especially in its connection with the studies of the college course, are occasionally heard in the societies and elsewhere. Complaint is made that legislative proceedings at Washington are condensed into a few paragraphs, while stale bits of news and scandal are aired in two or three columns. Doubtless there is much to be regretted in the columns of those papers that dwell longer upon light articles and the details of human depravity than is necessary for a full report of the news. But, taking it for granted that every student's judgment is sufficiently ripe to enable him to make a judicious choice,—to avoid the mere business and so-called sensational papers, and to select such as, present-

ing the news in brief and clear manner, also devote considerable attention to matters of public concern,—we think that the daily newspaper has a just claim upon a small percentage at least of his time and attention.

There is danger lest the student in his proper zeal for standard books, which present the best principles of life, devote too little attention to the present. While he is not expected to engage himself directly in affairs of active life to the exclusion of the prescribed course, it is highly important that he begin early to apply to the present day the ideas and principles he has deduced from his studies and from his course of solid reading. Thus even in his preparation for life he may in imagination fight some of its battles and from the experience so obtained, derive wisdom for the future, actual and more vital contests beyond the college walls. There is no better means to this end than the daily newspaper exhibiting the drift of every phase of modern society and affording abundant material for thought and investigation. In the light of the facts found therein, the enthusiast in political economy, in sociology, or in history may assign causes and learn results from actual observation. Further, what is of interest to all, it gives that broad view of human nature elsewhere obtained only through a long and extended intercourse with men.

WAKE up, young man, and put a little more enthusiasm into your daily life. Don't pore over those books for hours in listless forgetfulness, but

sleep enough, eat enough, exercise enough, and then take hold in earnest. God never meant that man should go through this beautiful world half awake and half asleep. A college course is a dry affair to the student lacking a spirit of appreciation. If you are a member of a literary society, be a live member. Help your organization, and then the organization will be a help to you. Men that are enthusiastic have friends, while men that are lazy have at best but companions. Unless one be keenly alive to all the lessons of beauty, harmony, and knowledge by which he is surrounded, he may grow to be as old as Methuselah, and yet never really have lived. Existence is not life. "He lives most, who thinks most." Like most of the virtues, enthusiasm can be cultivated, and it is as much a man's duty to be zealous as it is to be upright and honest. In enthusiasm lies the secret of happiness and progression.

ONE of the most important parts of the college work is the rhetoric and essay writing, and it is also one of the parts that is the most neglected. The subjects are given out and the night before the essays are to be passed in, the more conscientious sit down, and with the aid of an Encyclopedia, etc., manage to make out the requisite number of words and then pass them in, and that is all there is of it. The essays are corrected of course and passed back, but it very rarely happens that a student looks them over, and if he does the corrections are accepted without a question of the why or where-

fore. Such work as this is almost utterly useless. It merely furnishes extra work for the professor and student alike with no benefit to either. There are a few of course who do their work faithfully and derive some little benefit from it, who think upon their subject and take the trouble to arrange their material properly, but the majority of students, like the majority of men elsewhere, do only what is required of them, and that, too, in the easiest way possible. With the system that is in operation now it does not seem to be the fault of either the Faculty or the student. If one essay a term was required instead of two, and then when the essay was corrected and passed back, it should be required to look over this one, examine the corrections, carefully re-write it, the advantage gained would be double what it is now and the work of correction less, and so both parties would be benefited by the arrangement. As matters stand now, in the Junior and Senior years some real work is done, the course being such as to make it necessary, but the first two years it is a mere farce.

WHILE it is impossible to always form just the correct estimate of a man's character, yet it is but fair if "out of the heart the mouth speaketh," that we should have some opinions concerning the motives and purposes of our associates. Thus we are led to inquire what are evidences of a sound mind and breadth of character. Judging from appearances, we should say that some consider as the only and infallible signs of a budding genius such

eccentricities as these: carelessness in dress, long hair, a studied reserve, a profound pucker to the lips, a deliberate speaking with solemn guttural preludes, and a bearing and gesture implying, "I'll speak now and settle this matter," also an air of indifference to the queries and remarks of others, always speaking as if to lesser mortals, and always with a judicial manner, as if bearing a weight of knowledge and decision unfailing and irrevocable. However it may appear to others, to us it seems that these are not the natural expressions of a great soul, but rather of a false ambition to make an impression other than the true character revealed would sustain. One thing is certain, a man can't get out any more than there is within. Genius must always work from the inside, outward. First, let us have our motives as true and as earnest as we can, then by all means and above all things else let our hearts guide our actions. How many there are who by their dissimulation and lack of sympathy make themselves hermits from that society which would enable them to grow.

AS we go to press, the common topic of conversation on the campus is the proposed new toboggan slide. Measurements have been made and the expense estimated. The committee report that at a comparatively slight expense we may have, entirely on our own grounds, as good a slide as any in the State. The chute would begin on the east side of the mountain, with a precipitous flight of two hundred feet to the base near the grand stand, and

from thence an easy descent across the base-ball ground to College Street, making a perfectly straight slide of fully one thousand feet. The chute would be built in such a manner as to be lighted its entire length by the electric light. The Faculty have shown a kindly interest in the matter. The general exclamation of the student is, "Why haven't we thought of that before? Just the thing, for winter, to take the place of tennis." Next issue we hope to be able to give a full account of the festive youths and maidens in worsted mittens and caps.

LITERARY.

A MAN.

BY J. H. H., '80.

ALUMNI POEM.

By the parting ways the prophet stood,
And as the crowds went by
He lifted his hand, he lifted his voice,
With the strange and startling cry,

"A man, a man, can ye find me a man
In the streets of Jerusalem?
Can ye find me one? And if ye can
The Lord shall not condemn."

He sought in the hovel of the poor,
He sought at the palace gate;
He sought of the scribe, he sought of the priest;
Early he sought and late.

But he found not him for whom he sought,
The man of truth and trust,
Through whom the Lord might save the land
From avarice and lust.

Ancient records tell how the city fell,
And her children in exile wept;
For walls will not keep nor heaven defend
A city by men unkept.

Her prophet forlorn has ceased to warn,
And his bones long in dust have slept,

But the words of a cry that can never die
Their age-long course have kept.

That voice is but in volume swelled
By centuries gone by,
And I hear again that cry for men,
A great and mighty cry.

I hear it in Asia's deep-drawn sigh,
As she gazes into the past;
In Africa's great and bitter cry,
As she writhes in shackles fast.

Their gods are dead, their hopes are fled,
They sit in the gloom of night.
In their hour of need for men they plead
Who can bring them hope and light.

I hear it above the voice of thrones,
To their trembling slaves addressed;
Amid the sighs and curses and groans
Of the downtrod and oppressed.

The gate of freedom open swings,
And ne'er may close again,
The world that once cried, "Give us kings,"
Now thunders, "Give us men!"

I hear it above the meaningless hum,
Where myriad voices meet;
Above the cries of the market-place,
Above the din of the street.

But the cry is drowned by the million-voiced
sound
Of them that sell and buy,
While honor is sold for paltry gold,
And a dime is the price of a lie.

Alas for the Midas touch of greed
That spares not the joys of life,
But coins its treasure from hearts that bleed
And the tears of mother and wife.

Is, then, the highest aim of life
To get and to keep all one can?
Is gain the goal of a human soul?
Or is it to be a man?

I hear amid machinery's clash,
Above the steam-train's roar,
While messages winged with lightning flash,
That God-given message of yore.

The world was young when that message
came,
And now is growing old;

We laugh at her primitive ways, and claim
Improvements manifold.

They wrought with patient hand and slow,
But we have skill to plan
For every work a swift machine
To take the place of man.

But spring and wheel and cord and chain,
Combined with cunning art,
May take the place of hand, of brain,
But not the place of heart.

For man is greater than his work,
And never shall be seen
A wounded soul by art made whole,
Or world saved by machine.

The printing press, the telegraph,
Swift boat, and rushing train,
Industries vast, conveyance fast,
May bring us loss or gain.

The world is moving to its goal,
The ages ripen fast;
The seasons age-long onward roll,
And harvest comes at last.

And shall the swiftly rolling years
Bring paradise again?
All things are here, all means appear;
The only lack is men.

O hear to-day that yearning voice,
As it utters a world's deep need,
And rises above the clamor and noise,
Inspired for men to plead.

O shop, O mart, O place of art,
Hear ye that earnest plea?
Pray show your wares to him who cares,
'Tis men we wish to see.

O thronging church, if in our search
We come to thee, what then?
Mock not our need with talk of creed,
When what we ask is men.

O classic halls where learning calls,
And kindles manly zest,
Can we find within your storied walls
The objects of our quest?

Of science and art you have plentiful store?
You can give us—what do you say?
Doctors and lawyers and priests by the score?
Have you any men to-day?

The world is not dying for want of drugs,
Nor striving for want of law;
Nor is sinful heart cured by priestly art
And surplice without flaw.

We have enough of orators,
Enough to wield the pen,
Enough of teachers, enough of preachers,
But not enough of men.

And the cry goes out to the ends of earth,
And up to the vaulted sky,
And down to the hell where demons dwell,
And shudder for reply.

And is it weal, or is it woe?
In the hush of hope and fear
We breathe abate, as we listen and wait
An answering voice to hear.

"Rejoice, O earth, in thy second birth,"
The answer rings from heaven,
"For God above, in wondrous love,
A man to the world has given!"

Let earth her voice with heaven's blend
In swift and glad reply;
From north, south, east, and west ascend
An answering, "Here am I!"

They come, the men of the age to be,
The chosen of every land;
And He who leads to victory
Is one with piercé hand.

SILENT INFLUENCE.

WHEREVER the eye of man is directed, individual forms of plant, fruit, and flower meet his sight. The towering forest trees, the shade trees of our modern homes, encircled by clinging vines, add much to the delightful scene.

But how came into existence such unrivaled beauty as affords satisfaction to the organ of sight, and joy to the longing heart? For all of flavor or of scent that is found in flowers or fruit, or all that can be seen of the

beautiful and sublime in the physical world, from the majestic oak to the tiniest flower that makes its manners to the rising sun,—all says to us that no man, be he a philosopher as wise as Socrates, or a statesman as great as Cæsar, can array one lily in the lovely-hued robe in which it is clothed by nature. But the silent working influence of the elements of the natural world can, and do produce and perpetuate all such loveliness and power.

The roots of trees and flowers, though buried from sight, hidden where all is silence, are yet subject to a power whose muffled heart-beats are constantly giving life to their various parts. The sun, mist, and gravity, add their influence in the production of all vegetation, silently keeping their machinery in constant motion. Moreover, silent influence of organized atmospheric forces affect society. A misty, foggy locality produces dullness or gloominess in the inhabitants.

The temperament of the people of England, as compared with those living in a dryer atmosphere, is a good illustration of the point. Those living on our large plains seem naturally broad minded, and large hearted; the wider the scope of man's vision, the greater his endowments.

The absent Switzerlander, as he thinks of the mountain scenery of his own dear land, so grand and imposing, involuntarily breathes a sigh that he might hie away, and in blissful retreat pass his days, amid its delightful solitudes.

The silent influences that produce

such gigantic wonders of nature are constantly busy, and never weary in their beneficent work.

The good and evil influences that are constantly acting upon society, though silent, are yet potent in their results. The child has often felt the rebuke of a mother's look, far more than if she had used unkind or harsh words. The sweet influence that has come to us through the poets of long ago is of priceless value; for such as they understand, sympathize with, and enter into the finer feelings of the human heart. Writers in cloistered silence, learned men of quiet, who seemed formed for grand achievements, have, by their solitary devotion to literary labor, silently fed the undying lamp of thought. But for the untiring labor of a Dante, Luther, Shakespeare, Milton, and others of similar renown, we might still be enveloped in the thick cloud of superstition and darkness.

Amid the noise and din of active life, we forget the silent influence of literary men of the middle ages, who wrought so laboriously with their own hands, inscribing upon parchment the wisdom of past ages.

The silent influence of divine inspiration upon a sinful world, is without parallel; all other influence sinks into insignificance when compared with that of the Infinite God—ever present, in all, pervading all.

The human heart instinctively craves sympathy and love. It is a necessity to full development of inherent power. There must be something to stimulate to action, else man becomes sluggish and weak, not only in body, but in

mind capacity as well. He requires some uplifting power to enable him to rise to a higher altitude than the groveling things of earth. Man is constantly oppressed with care. It must ever be so. His short-sightedness often brings him into snares or plunges him into deep pitfalls from which he finds it difficult to extricate himself, or he becomes sick at heart, ready to faint by the way. And but for sweet, saving hope, the soothing balm silently sent by the Great Physician, he would seek elsewhere a resting place, and cruel despair be his inheritance.

IS THE ENGLISH CIVILIZATION SUPERIOR TO THAT OF ANCIENT GREECE?

By E. J. S., '89.

IN determining the degree of a people's civilization, we must, according to a generally accepted criterion, look first to its accumulation of knowledge; second, to the diffusion or spread of this knowledge through all classes; and third, to its moral state, which, as one writer has said, "shall be the salt to preserve the life of humanity from decomposing and to restore it back again when passing to decomposition."

With these conditions in mind, let us consider the most prominent features of the Athenian and Spartan societies, each respectively representing the higher and lower order of the Grecian civilization.

The knowledge of Athens has always commanded the homage of history. Within her walls Grecian poetry, philosophy, and the fine arts reached their

high perfection. In tragedy, comedy, geometry, physics, and history, she attained no slight proficiency, and her monuments of sculpture and architecture have served as models to all succeeding generations.

Participation in the government at the time of the democracy also somewhat familiarized her citizens with law, justice, and the constitution; and they also acquired, as compared with the neighboring states, some skill in trade and manufactures. Partly upon its perfection in these various departments of knowledge, and especially upon its admitted superiority in the line of sculpture and architecture, is frequently based the claim for "the unequaled excellence of the Grecian civilization."

It is true that "the fine arts have an elevating and refining influence upon the mind and character and help to rescue mankind from the exclusive dominion of sensual and selfish enjoyments." Still the opportunity afforded a mere forty or fifty thousand citizens out of all the Grecian inhabitants to gaze daily upon buildings adorned by the finest art or statues of the noblest conception, could not and did not avert a fatal corruption of their moral character. And now, when we inquire how this knowledge was diffused among the people, the answer will point to a great and fatal defect in the structure of their society.

In their civilization it is individuals who gain our admiration and homage. The pages of Grecian history reveal only a few great and gifted men, a Homer, an Eschylus, a Thucydides, a Demosthenes, and a few contempora-

ries. The great mass of the people, undeveloped in character and sunk in ignorance and misery, serve only to arouse our pity or contempt. Menander sheds considerable light upon their intelligence, when he repeats the words of Polybius, who said: "The multitude of women and all the common people are so ignorant and uneducated that they cannot be led to piety by the doctrines of philosophy. For this purpose superstition is necessary, which must call in the aid of myths and tales of wonder."

Besides, there were the slaves, who even in cultured Athens far outnumbered the free persons. We are told that in Attica alone, to 21,000 adult males, giving a total population of 150,000, there were 400,000 slaves. They were mostly employed as domestics, but a few were in the factories, on the farms, and in the mines, and the extent of their knowledge is indicated by the backward condition of all the productive industries.

Turn now to Sparta, where the proportion of Helots to the freemen was still greater and the education of the most cultivated citizen was confined to music and the tactics of war, and show me a state of modern Europe whose knowledge is not more varied and universal. Let us remember that between Sparta and the art and literature of Athens was a wall which only a few Spartans ever succeeded in scaling.

Such then was the extent of Greek knowledge and the intelligence of the average inhabitant, who in no degree approached the culture of the comparatively small number of citizens

collected in the few Greek cities of which Athens was the head.

As regards good morals, all must concede that the great principles of justice and humanity are elements that underlie the whole structure of human society; for history shows that the decline of a state in these virtues is invariably attended by its downfall.

Religion, then, as the great moral educator of the people, may be taken as a test of their civilization. Therefore it is almost unnecessary to say that it should be pure and also sound enough to command the respect of the most intellectual and cultured. Now the ignorant and superstitious inhabitant of Greece always clung to the mythical religion; but when the culture of Athens had reached a certain stage its doctrines were rejected by her citizens. What then could be expected in the morals of the Athenian citizen without a religious basis for action; or on the other hand in the condition of the main body of the Greeks, worshiping an immoral religion, investing their deities with all the human passions, and looking upon them as hard-hearted, cruel, deceiving, and easily deceived. The result of casting off even this universal religion was seen at Athens in the time of the democracy, when all the judicial and political powers were vested in the general assembly of citizens. "Then," says Macaulay, "customs and morals, law and right, began to decline, and religious persecution, arrogance, and cruelty gained the ascendancy."

Even if we pass by that greatest of all social evils, slavery, and the degraded condition of the women, the unjust

decisions and cruel decrees of this general assembly, are alone sufficient to convince all of the deficiency of the best and most cultured of the Greeks in those principles of justice and humanity which must permeate every well regulated community.

Glancing now to the English civilization, as represented in the British Isles and America, we find, in the first place, that a few of the modern inventions and arts, such as printing, engraving, and casting have preserved for us intact the boasted literature of the ancients, the masterpieces of Roman painting and Grecian sculpture. The greatest works of all ages are thus placed in the people's hands and an opportunity afforded the humblest person to form his taste upon these remains of ancient genius.

But in contrast to these people we are not content to stop here. Assimilating their knowledge in these directions, in many respects improving upon it, we have carried it into regions that they never entered.

We have produced writers and poets on every topic, orators, historians, and painters, men of genius whose works have added to a culture based upon the productions of every nation in every age; and hand in hand with the ideal and beautiful, we have carried the knowledge of truth. Our genius has been miraculously displayed in triumphs over real and material things. What wonders have been performed in science! Who can enumerate the blessings conferred upon humanity through the agency of steam, electricity, and their resulting discoveries and inventions?

But not less miraculous has been the spread of this mass of human intelligence, facilitated by the steamboat, the ocean cable, the telegraph, and the telephone. Finally, that great modern instrument of civilization, the printing press, not only improves the intellect of the humblest citizen with all the knowledge of past time, but through the agency of the newspaper lays before his eyes the daily condition and action of every civilized nation on the globe, the eloquence of statesmen, the criticism of art, and the results of science. Who then can doubt that our knowledge is greater in amount and extent, our education much more general, and the average intelligence of our citizens far superior to that of the ancient Greeks?

All these advances, together with the great improvement in the science of political economy, in law, and in medicine, and the possession of the facts and observations collected through ages, have exceedingly improved the condition of the masses, and now renders them more prosperous and happy than at any other time described in history.

If, in the face of these advantages, any one will have the hardihood to decry the influence of science and the modern inventions upon civilization, let him consider the object of society. Is it not, in the words of social writers, to give value to the individual and by increasing his comfort and happiness, to improve society as a whole?

The happiness of the individual is secured by the satisfaction of his legitimate bodily, intellectual, and spiritual

wants. Now it is no new fact, that the increased command over the necessities of life by the masses not only makes it easier to live, and gives better and more convenient homes, but also affords more leisure for the development of the intellectual and spiritual faculties; while criminal records have been repeatedly cited to show that crime decreases and morals improve in proportion as the comforts of life are extended to the lower classes.

I need enter upon no description of our moral instructor, the Christian religion, upon which all our legislation is founded, and which stands as far above the ancient mythology as our citizens are above the Greek slaves. Hand in hand with the progress of education among the people has this religion advanced, purifying their private habits and rendering them more true and just in their dealings. Under its influence slavery has been abolished, the family purified, and penalties made more human. The Christian missions, and hospitals everywhere established through public and private beneficence, are to be numbered among the noblest monuments of the nineteenth century, while the popular respect accorded to a Cooper or a Peabody sufficiently attests the philanthropic tone of our modern society. The historian tells us that the laws at Athens compelled the rich to support the poor, and adds, with the same stroke of the pen, that this was really a benefit to the rich, as it prevented their houses from being sacked. A marked contrast in the two societies, the one giving voluntarily at the promptings of a pure moral spirit,

the other forced to give through fear of violence.

Finally, there is an external sign of civilization, for all allow that no better test can be found than the position of women in the home and in society. Orators and poets have never ceased to applaud her influence in softening the cruelty, improving the manners, and lessening the selfishness of men. What was their position in Greece? The most degraded and pitiable. Grecian literature fully reveals the scorn with which women were everywhere regarded, and their lowly position in the family and in society. Here then is another evidence of the one-sidedness of the Grecian society, and its inferiority in development to the well-balanced English civilization, in which the condition of women has never failed to improve with every advancing step of progress, until now she occupies the proudest position ever accorded to her sex.

A LEGEND.

[After the German of *Krummacher*.]

TRANSLATED BY A. L. S., '89.

Entwined in embraces fraternal,
The angels of death and of sleep
Roamed over the earth, home of mortals,
Their God-given vigils to keep.

'Twas even. They lay on a hill-side,
Not far from the dwellings of men.
A silence benign brooded over,
The kirk bell was hushed in the glen.

The angel of sleep, off the mosses,
Arose, with his grain pouch in hand,
And scattered the seeds of sweet slumber
Abroad o'er the darkening land.

The zephyrs, unseen, bear them swiftly
Away to the husbandman's cot.

All eyelids are closed, all are peaceful;
Pain, sadness, and sorrow forgot.

Again, on his couch on the mosses,
The sweet faced sleep-giver reclines,
In innocent joyance, addressing
His sterner-faced brother betimes.

"When morning in radiant vesture
Pursues the night's shades to the west,
Then men with fresh exhilarations
Will awaken, and I shall be blest.

"What joy is true service in secret,
Not rendered that earth may applaud!
How beautiful is our vocation,
Invisible angels of God!"

A moment the brother in silence
Shed tears, as the immortals shed,
Then lifting his dark eyes with sorrow,
To *Schlaf*, the sleep angel, he said:

"Would that our rejoicing were mutual.
'I'm foe and heart-breaker,' they say."
"Not so," answered *Schlaf*, "the awakening,
The dawning of that better day,

"Revealing to mortals your mission,
Will bring your due guerdon of praise."
Content are the two holy angels
Entwining in tender embrace.

OUR FOREIGN POPULATION.

By A. H. H., '67.

I HAVE just been reading the editorial comments in the *Christian Union* on Senator Palmer's anti-immigration bill which is soon to be brought before our National Congress, and I like their tone. The question is here asked, "Are we quite sure that it is desirable to check foreign immigration?" I think this question should be carefully pondered. No hasty conclusion, nor one colored by local prejudice should be accepted. Immigration has its perils, no doubt, but it has its promise also. I do not believe

any serious and permanent harm can come from this source. We hear much about this land being engulfed by the worst elements of European life. Any such consequence must be extremely remote; one must look through colored glasses to see the matter in any such light. Despite the tremendous foreign influx which we hear so much about, out of fifty odd millions fully forty-three millions are native born. We have been threatened with this supposed evil a good while, and yet the great bulk of the people own America as their native land. They have been trained in her free schools and know the value of her noble institutions, and would spring to their defense if imperiled as patriotically as any son of the Pilgrims. Did not the bloody days of 1861 demonstrate this? And do not the riots from which our large cities suffer prove the same, brought on by foreign ideas it must be confessed, but also quelled largely by foreign hands. Foreigners threw the bombs that dealt such havoc recently in the streets of Chicago, but foreigners also swung the policeman's billy, standing like heroes, and dying like martyrs in defense of American laws. Let us not forget these.

When we analyze carefully that stream of human life that has been pouring itself on our shores, there does not seem to be that peril in it some pessimistic writers and legislators would have us believe. From the beginning of our national life up to 1881, about twelve millions of immigrants had landed on our shores. About four millions of these, or about one-third,

were from the British Isles. They came, weary of monarchical rule, sighing for liberty, and pretty well prepared to sympathize with American ideas. If there were paupers and criminals among them, they were an inconsiderable quantity compared with the whole number. The next largest number came from Germany and Austria, and if here and there the anarchist was among them, they have been, as a rule, a sober, well educated, industrious people. Scandinavia has sent us a half a million of her hardy sons, and France three hundred thousand, and liberty-loving Switzerland one hundred thousand, and Holland and Belgium about the same, while Russia has given fifty thousand of her noble Mennonites, and Hungary and Poland perhaps thirty thousand more.

Now why is not this mostly good blood? When we look on these peoples as the progenitors of a race, which, in connection with the children of the Pilgrims, shall occupy and control the affairs of this continent, I submit that the outlook is at least hopeful. Their descendants born under free skies and educated in free schools can but be a noble people. It is not the rif-raff of Europe, that has been coming to our shores. The rif-raff do not immigrate as a rule. The dregs do not float. The lazy and vicious do not tear up their roots and leave the land of their fathers and go forth to conquer new situations. It is as a rule the most energetic and brave who do such things, and I believe that from the days of the Pilgrim Fathers to the present, it has been the most earnest,

industrious people of Europe who have been seeking for homes and for liberty on these western shores.

Enough and more than enough of the bad have come no doubt, and they have swarmed upon the wharves of our great cities, clinging to our centres of commerce and manufacturing, a perfectly pestelential brood, appearing thus to be more harmful than they really are. But they have been greatly in the minority, and with our present immigration laws are becoming more so every year. The great majority who have come are such as we may safely welcome.

This will appear more clear possibly if we take any particular period and analyze it. Take for instance five years from 1870 to 1875, and we shall see that during those years $33\frac{3}{10}$ per cent. of our immigrants were Anglo-Saxons, and a little more than 32 per cent. were Germans, while the Irish were only $17\frac{3}{10}$ per cent., and this proportion holds good in later years when they have come in larger numbers. In 1880 there were 593,703 foreigners landed upon our shores. Of these 66,399 were from Ireland, while Germany furnished 108,725, and Scandinavia 50,731, and England 33,768, showing, as I think, that our country is being peopled with very good blood.

Then they represent such callings as we most need. Many of them are ministers and doctors, and lawyers. Not a few are teachers and artists, and a large number are artisans and mechanics and engineers. And then there are cooks and butchers and bakers, and a few merchants, and of course a large

class of laborers, who scatter upon our farming lands and go on to our railroads and into our mines and mills, doing for us a much-needed work, and one to which our native American boys do not take very kindly.

And then while many of these immigrants are poor, a majority of those who came from Germany and Scandinavia have considerable means so that the wealth of the nation is actually increased from this source some millions annually. It does not seem to me that great bugbear which some of our the alarmist writers think they have discovered in the character of our foreign population is so very great after all. There are elements of peril here I have no doubt, and these must be attended to. But there are many hopeful features, and on the whole I think we may devoutly thank God that our country is being settled by a worthy though heterogeneous people.

THE NEW-YEAR'S GUEST.

By B. A. W., '89.

I sat by the fire on New-Year's eve,
Musing the midnight hour away,
Thinking of money earned and spent,
Of lessons mastered day by day.

Ah, well, I murmured, half aloud,
Some riches, surely, I have won,
But I'll accomplish more by far
This hopeful year that's just begun.

"What kind of riches, may I ask?"
I raised my head in quick surprise,
To see who 'twas that questioned thus,
And, lo! an angel met my eyes.

Her holy presence with me there
My mind to higher thoughts reclaimed.
What joys had I to others given,
What strength of character attained?

I dropped my eyes in very shame,
Because so little I had wrought
In Christian charity and love,
In holy deed, in word, in thought.

"Look up, my child, do not despair,
Although some actions you regret;
The past has gone beyond recall,
The future lies before you yet.

"Think not that fleeting wealth e'er brings
The happiness that you desire,
Employ your time in doing good
If you to boundless joys aspire."

The angel vanished; I awoke.
The New-Year's morn dawned bright
and clear;
The sun, slow rising in the east,
Filled every heart with goodly cheer.

My angel visitor has gone;
Her radiant form no more I see;
The counsel that she left behind
Still guides, supports, and strengthens
me.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editors of the Student:

The second annual business meeting and banquet of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association occurred at Young's Hotel, Boston, at 4 o'clock, Friday, December 9, 1887. Twenty persons, representing twelve out of the twenty-seven college papers constituting the association, were present.

Their names and papers are as follows: Fred L. Chapman, *Amherst Student*; S. Abbott, Harvard; E. H. Elwell, Jr., *Maine State College Cadet*; W. Barnes, Jr., *Harvard Crimson*; C. S. Severance, *Undergraduate*; E. L. Richardson, *Williams Literary Monthly*; Geo. B. Rogers, *Williams Weekly*; E. J. Small, *Bates Student*; Wade Keyes, Geo. N. Hero, E. J. Crandall, *Tufts-*

ian; L. H. W. French, Dartmouth; M. M. White, *Wesleyan Argus*; W. I. French, A. S. Warren, J. R. Towne, *The Tech.*; E. Spencer Baldwin, E. A. Kimball, *Beacon*; L. F. English, Dartmouth; J. C. Edgerly, Tufts.

It was voted to hold the next annual convention, on February 22, 1889, and to print and circulate the constitution among all the New England college magazines.

A short talk as to the necessity of more enthusiasm in the workings of the association on the part of many college papers was followed by the election of the following officers for the coming year: President, Abbott of Harvard; First Vice-President, English of Dartmouth; Second Vice-President, Edgerly of Tufts; Third Vice-President, Barnes of the *Crimson*; Recording Secretary, Small of the *Bates Student*; Corresponding Secretary, Severance of the *Undergraduate*; Executive Committee, Hero of the *Tuftsionian*, King of the *Crimson*, Towne of *The Tech.*, Hobsen of *Beacon*, Chancellor of *Amherst Student*.

At the banquet, immediately following the business session, President Abbott presided, and the needs and requirements of college journalism were more fully discussed. Toasts were appropriately responded to by Chapman, Severance, French, Richardson, Barnes, and others, who in the course of their remarks, expressed great satisfaction for the past and hope for future harmony among college journals. Many other matters of general interest were talked over, and the constraint of new acquaintanceship

wearing away with the disappearance of the tempting viands, opinions were expressed and views interchanged with all the charming freedom of old friendship.

"But all good things have an end too soon," and when the time came for the final handshake, all were agreed that the onerous duties of the college editor are nearly if not wholly compensated by the good-fellowship and sociability enjoyed at his annual feast.

NEW HAVEN, CT., Jan. 7, 1888.

To the Editors of the Student:

In response to your request for a communication, I send you a few rambling notes from the "City of Elms." Well does New Haven deserve this name. Everywhere her streets are lined by the trunks and overarched by the branches of those noble trees. Massive, ancient, and enduring, they seem emblematic of the conservative spirit of the city to which they belong. For conservatism is one of the first characteristics to attract the attention of the observer of New Haven life.

The city has not forgotten her origin in this respect at least. So much of the old Pilgrim spirit has survived, modified no doubt by the bustle of modern life, but never annihilated. The Puritans are often thought of as innovators, and their lives were in certain respects protests against the established order, but after all they were in habit and in thought essentially conservative. Their descendants, the citizens of New Haven, in later years, have never wholly lost this characteristic. The introduction of the commercial spirit

was long regarded with disfavor by the old inhabitants. It is even related that when, years ago, it was proposed to build a sidewalk along what is now one of the principal streets of the city, the plan met with the bitterest opposition from some of those living there. Their opposition was in vain, however, and the sidewalk was at last built, but one good old citizen found consolation for his outraged dignity and expression of his contempt for new-fangled notions, by refusing to walk upon it. Coming down the path from his door, by means of long strides he cleared the despised sidewalks with as little contact as possible, and taking the middle of the street walked away saying, "God's earth is good enough for me to walk on."

The same conservative spirit shows itself also in the university here located. In fact Yale may be regarded as the supporter of the established in American college life and management, as Harvard is the advocate of the novel and the untried. The student here cannot by a judicious choice of electives, omitting all subjects that require mental exertion, render of no effect, so far as discipline is concerned, his four years of supposed study. For two years of his course he is kept down to the prescribed order, and during the remainder, though a good range of choice is allowed him, he cannot well avoid doing a fair amount of work. No doubt the system of elective studies has its advantages, but it may be questioned whether an arrangement which allows a student to spend his whole four years on the least difficult studies

to be found in an extended list, the translation of easy French, for example, is altogether a benefit. Yale students need not feel that they are necessarily losers because they are governed to some extent by the traditional.

Conservatism manifests itself again in the distinctness with which the different departments of the university are separated. The name "university" exists, but the object corresponding to this name seems not so easy to find. The different "schools" strike the observer more as separate institutions than as departments of a university. This will probably correct itself as time goes on, however. There are some seeming exceptions to what I have called the prevailing spirit of New Haven life.

The "New Theology" is at least tolerated in some of the leading churches. The oldest of these, established in 1639, with John Davenport as pastor, is now presided over by Dr. Newman Smyth, whose name has acquired additional notoriety in connection with the Andover controversy. The edifice in which this church now worships stands upon ground formerly used as a cemetery. Most of the dead were removed years ago, but the church was erected over the remains of a few who were left, and their names are engraved upon tablets placed in the vestibule. One can almost imagine these sleepers as disturbed in their long rest and rising to enter a protest against the uttering over their heads of sentiments so different from those which governed their lives when on earth. But they are silent, and perhaps if they could

come back to earth with the knowledge which they have gained since they left it, they would be even more tolerant toward the new beliefs than those who now occupy their places here. Who knows?

Apparently New Haven has not put forth, at least until recently, very much effort in establishing and beautifying places of public resort. The East Rock Park Association has, however, made a good beginning in this direction, and that its work is appreciated is proved by the crowds that visit its reservation during the pleasant season. This park includes, with the adjoining lands, one of the famous rock formations known to the geologist as the trap-dikes of the Connecticut valley. The almost vertical columns of this "rock" rise to a height of some three hundred and fifty feet above sea level, though buried at the bottom for many feet in the talus which has fallen from them. Upon the top has been placed a soldiers' monument of something like a hundred feet in height, affording from its summit a fine view of the city, the harbor, and the surrounding country, but hardly adding to the effect when the rock itself is viewed from below. Extended drives have been built to the summit of the rock and to the various points of interest within the park, and foot-paths, well supplied with guide-boards, run in all directions. Everywhere, too, are copies of the "By-Laws of East Rock Park Association," and notices telling the visitor that he must not do this, or that he will be subject to a fine if he does that, till he almost begins to

wonder if man has no rights which the association is bound to respect.

Across the valley from this, almost on the opposite side of the city, is a similar formation known as West Rock. This is somewhat higher than East Rock, and seems to be utilized at present chiefly as a source of stone for paving and macadamizing the streets of the city and vicinity. East Rock seems to have belonged originally to the same ridge as West Rock, and the valley is probably the result of erosion in past geological epochs. The ridge is continued to the westward from West Rock, and upon its slope, at some distance from the front, is found the "Judge's Cave." A large boulder of trap, supposed to have been dropped here by glacial action, has become broken into several pieces in such a way as to leave a small irregular cavern between them. Here tradition says that two of the regicide judges of Charles I., for some time concealed themselves, while the king's officers were seeking for them in the town. They were supplied by some of the colonists with food which was carried by a small boy and left upon a stump near their place of concealment. This boy is said to have supposed that the food was intended for laborers, but he must have been different from the average small boy if he never attempted to fathom the mystery by personal investigation. New Haven and its neighborhood afford an abundance of localities of interest to the geologist. Here may be found formations of almost every kind, and rocks of almost every variety, from the granite and gneiss of the early

ages to the trap and red sandstone of Mesozoic time. The sandstone belongs to the same formation which in other parts of the Connecticut valley has afforded the tracks and other relics of the enormous reptiles of that "middle time" of geology.

The Peabody Museum, belonging to the university, contains fine specimens of these relics. Large slabs are covered with ripple-marks and rain-drop impressions, and show tracks of two different species of large reptiles. A flat sandy beach must have received the impression of the ripples as they died out along its surface; then a shower of rain left the marks of its large drops upon the yielding sands and some of the unwieldy animals, then so abundant, passed that way. A new deposit of sand covered all these markings, and they were preserved to tell their story to the far-distant ages of the present. Thus we may interpret the record of these rocks, while we are reminded of how important a service may often be rendered by the seemingly trivial and commonplace.

O. H. D., '81.

Alumni, we ask the benefit of your thought and experience. Fellow-student, we expect and need your aid. Let there be no lack of wit, news, and wisdom to please, gladden, and instruct.

Professor Edward S. Holden, of the University of California, has briefly analyzed in *Scribner's* for January a recent French book which throws a new light on Balzac.

LOCALS.

The function of the "Local" is intimately domestic. He is a sort of door-yard critic, as it were. He never strays far from home. He must be able to detect jokes in the inceptive state, and furnish them at once with a healthy and vigorous constitution. Earthquakes in Egypt he blankly ignores. Railroad carnage in the West goes on without a remonstrance from him. But the faintest breeze that turns over a leaf, or the slightest tussle that unseams a coat-sleeve within the home circle is faithfully registered, and of course when any large animal comes within the limit he is faithfully catalogued.

Toboggan. Join the club.

The chimneys are snowed in.

For a fire. *Sehr viel* kerosene.

Call, '89, is in the bookstore. Call in.

Gymnastics are compulsory until this ice is covered up.

Eugene Thayer was here a few days. He likes at Amherst very much.

Mr. Cox has a combination book-rest and writing-table for sale. Very convenient.

The boys will return soon with robust wallets. That will dispel some commercial doubts.

A horse-car leaves Parker Hall every hour, via Lisbon Street and Broad Street bridge, for Auburn.

Miss Mary Angell, '90, entertained a party of her friends, at her home, the first Tuesday evening of the term.

Rev. A. T. Hillman, of the First Baptist Church of Manchester, N. H., has accepted the appointment, as agent, to raise one hundred thousand dollars for the Cobb Divinity School, connected with this college.

During last vacation Prof. Stanton had the Library re-arranged and enlarged. It is now in a good business condition.

Prof.—“What do we mean by electric light plant?” Philosophical Junior—“All the luminaries under the genus electric.”

Pater Leathers says: “About six in this college are too economical to buy their B. L., and I have to furnish it to them for nothing.”

Miss Etta Given is recovering from her accident. Recently a gift of sixty-one dollars was presented her by college and other friends.

Saturday, January 14th, several of the students were the guests of Mr. Stackpole, the proprietor of the toboggan slide in Auburn, and enjoyed some fine sliding.

Professor (discoursing on Obelisks)—“There are seventeen in Egypt, and forty-two in existence.” Inattentive Sophomore—“Where did you say those last ones were?”

Too literal a comparison: Prof. S.—“Now you know that to break into a man’s room and steal his book is just as bad as to go into his stable and steal his horse.”

Mr. Herbert Spinney, an excellent taxidermist, will be at Parker Hall a fortnight, this term, and will mount or supply birds for the students, at low rates.

Lewiston is splendidly illuminated. There are one hundred electric lights; seven of them can be seen from the steps of Hawthorn Hall, and three effulge on the campus.

The intricate tariff problem was clearly mapped out, Friday, January 6th, in the Eurosophian Society rooms, by Mr. Noble, on the protection side, and by Mr. Stanley on the free-trade side.

The Senior year, during the psychological period, the mind seeks the intangible nebulosity; the next year, during the subsiding period, the mind seeks the heaviest gentleman on the school board.

How does this conversation strike you, boys? S.—“Is there a fire down to the Gym.?” J.—“No.” S.—“Well, why not?” J.—“What’s the use to have a fire? Nobody goes in there but the yaggers, and I haint goin’ to warm up them fellars.”

There is a vigorous movement afoot among the students to organize a toboggan club, and construct a slide down David Mountain, on the slope facing the college, so that as the toboggan darts down the chute, it will emerge and spend its force on the level waste of the ball-ground.

What the Soph. did and what he said: Scene I.—A small school-house near the woods; the door is open; a row of dinner pails on the entry floor, a row of caps and jackets on the wall; a number of tracks and furrows in the snow about the door-step; a small wood-pile (not sawed) resting against the house. Scene II.—Interior, a small room, a big stove, a roaring fire, a small blackboard, a small map of Europe on the wall, some big wooden seats, some big cowhide boots that indulge frequently in acoustic phenomena; a whimpering youngster, a tall

judicial Soph. entertaining him by the ear; a philosophical instrument, consisting of a pin scientifically arranged, so that when it is placed in a seat the point reverts skyward; another youngster with a smile on his face and an active sensation near the capital of his pants. Scene III.—A college building; a room inside, well furnished with Sophs., sitting in chairs and lying on the bed; a tall judicial Soph. *lieing* in the center of the room. He remarks thus: "Yes, it was a hard school, boys. I kinder hated to tackle it, but I made up my mind I would get through it somehow. You know three years ago they lugged a big fellow out of that school. The committee said I would have trouble. Everything went smooth enough until the middle of the term, when a big fellow who had been chopping wood for three winters, came marching in with his books one morning. He did pretty well for a few days, but one afternoon he kicked a little fellow who sat in front of him. I saw him, and I tell you I piled into him in great shape. I grabbed him by the neck, snapped him into the aisle, and dragged him into the floor before he knew what ailed him. Well! I had to do it quick, you know." "No." "That was the last trouble I had. After that he was one of the best fellows you ever saw."

Dr. Peters, of Hamilton College, has received the cross of the Legion of Honor from the French government in recognition of his services in the field of astronomy.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'67.—Albert H. Heath, D.D., pastor of the North Congregational Church of New Bedford, Mass., was visited Saturday evening, January 7th, on the 20th anniversary of his marriage, by some of his friends, who presented him with a purse of about \$350.

'69.—Rev. W. H. Bolster, of South Weymouth, Mass, who has received a unanimous call to the First Congregational Church, Brockton, Mass., at a salary of \$2,500, was born in Oxford County, Maine, forty-three years ago. He is a graduate of Bates College and Bangor Theological Seminary, and has had successful pastorates in Wiscasset, Me., Everett, Mass., and South Weymouth, where he has been for six years pastor of the Union Church. His people are strongly attached to Mr. Bolster, and it is doubtful if he can be induced to leave them.—*Boston Journal*.

'69.—George B. Files, principal of Augusta High School, is president of the Maine Pedagogical Society.

'71.—George W. Flint is still the successful and popular principal of the high school at Collinsville, Conn., where he has been for many years. In addition to his school work he is managing editor of the *Farmers and Mechanics' Journal*, a new weekly paper. Last spring he was made deacon of the Congregational Church in Collinsville. In his last summer vacation Mr. Flint made a trip to Europe.

'72.—G. H. Stockbridge, Esq., has sent to Professor Stanton, as a present

to the college library, a case containing 119 volumes of German works, consisting of standard editions of German authors, and of Latin and Greek classics with annotations by German critics. Mr. Stockbridge is connected, as manager, with Johnston's Patent Agency of New York City.

'73.—Almon E. Libby has recently been visiting his father, Rev. Almon Libby of this city. Mr. Libby, who is a civil engineer, is doing a very successful business in Minneapolis, both in the practice of his profession and in real estate.

'77.—J. K. Tomlinson is sub-master in a boys' school at Harrisburg, Penn.

'77.—F. F. Phillips is traveling chemist for Harrison Bros., Philadelphia.

'77.—C. V. Emerson has made a very efficient secretary of the Lewiston City Board of Health. He is also president of the Young Men's Republican Club of this city.

'78.—Rev. F. D. George, missionary at Midnapore, India, spent a part of last summer at a sanitarium in the Himalayan region. The *Lewiston Journal* of Saturday, January 14th, contains a letter from Mr. George, in which he gives a very interesting account of his short stay among the Himalayas.

'81.—John H. Parsons, principal of the Maine Central Institute, read a very able and interesting paper before the Maine Pedagogical Society, at the last annual meeting, in Augusta, December 31st, on the "Place and Work of the Seminary in our System of Education."

'81.—John F. Shattuck, M.D., is very pleasantly situated at Wells River, Vt., where he has a large and increasing practice.

'81.—Bates S. Rideout was ordained and installed as pastor of the Congregational Church at Norway, November 15th. The ordination sermon was preached by Rev. C. H. Daniels of Portland.

'83.—Clifford J. Atwater is doing a flourishing law business at Seymour, Conn.

'84.—Miss H. M. Brackett, returned January 2d to the Columbia College Library, New York, where she spent her first year after graduation.

'84.—Charles A. Washburn is giving excellent satisfaction as principal of the high school in Fort Fairfield.

'86.—Edgar D. Varney is spending the winter in Denver. Since he went to Colorado in the fall, he has had the pleasure of meeting several of the Bates alumni—Mr. Baker of '73, principal of Denver High School; and Professors Dennett of '73, and Brackett of '75, of Colorado State University.

'86.—Married in Portland, the 19th ult., by Rev. C. H. Daniels, Mr. Thomas Sale, of Portland, and Miss Lizzie J. Strout of Durham.

'86.—J. W. Goff has recently gone to Centerville, Conn., to teach.

'86.—W. N. Prescott passed through town, last week, on his way to his home in Monmouth, where he will spend a short vacation. He is in the employ of a Portland furniture dealer as head clerk.

'86.—L. H. Wentworth is stopping at the Palmer House, Boston.

'87.—John R. Dunton has been recently elected principal of the high school in the Central District, Belfast.

'87.—Leonard G. Roberts, who has been spending the winter in Jacksonville, Fla., has accepted the position of principal of the Somerset Academy at Athens.

STUDENTS.

'88.—C. L. Wallace is principal of the high school at Oxford.

'88.—E. F. Blanchard has recovered from his sickness and returned to college.

'89.—F. L. Buker, canvassing in Westminster, Mass., has met with good success.

'89.—C. J. Emerson, teaching in Newport, N. H.

'89.—I. N. Cox is teaching a difficult school on Chebeague Island, with success.

'89.—G. H. Libby, after a successful term of school at Foxcroft, and one at Hancock, has returned to college for the rest of the year.

'89.—W. T. Guptil is principal of the grammar school at Turner.

'89.—B. M. Sinclair, teaching at West Auburn.

'90.—C. A. Record, teaching second term, Brownville.

'90.—W. H. Woodman is a successful pedagogue in Stratton.

'91.—F. W. Plummer, teaching in Auburn.

'91.—F. E. Stevens left college and is in Colorado.

Student (to Prof.)—"I don't see through that problem." Prof. (sarcastically)—"Well, we can't stop to put a window into it for your benefit."—*Ex.*

POET'S CORNER.

THE POET.

O, sympathetic soul!

Whom nature's beaming features thrill;
Who loves old ocean's roll,
And hears a song in ev'ry rill;
Who sees the morning blush,
A maiden fair; the dew-drops, tears;
Fears not the lightning's hush,
Nor thunder's crash and roaring, fears;
Whose sharpened senses catch
The music of the heavenly spheres.

A. L. S., '89.

NULLUS SAPIENTIER.

There was a deep student of some sort of lore,
I cannot say just what they term it,
So much interrupted by leisurely friends
That he longed for the life of a hermit.
So he left his loved books for a number of
days,

Left the home he no more could abide in,
Determined to search in unusual ways
Till he found a snug nook he could hide in.

He found it! 'Twas down a long avenue's
length,

'Twas down through a lane—with a turning,
Then round a queer corner and four stories
high,

A snug situation for learning.

"How lucky!" he cried, as he moved in his
books,

"Sweet solitude! Dearly I prize her—
Here, hard I can study alone by myself,
And no one be any the wiser."

—*Judge.*

THE OLD, OLD STORY AGAIN.

"Give me a kiss my darling, do,"

He said as he gazed in her eyes so blue.

"I won't," she said; "you lazy elf,

Adjust your lips and help yourself."

—*Ex.*

HER LETTER.

In my hand I held her letter;
Held a flutter in my heart,
Dared not break the seal, from fearing
That the flutter would depart.

In my hand I held her letter,
Held it when I'd read it through,
Foolish I, that I should doubt her.
And the flutter grew.

LEON, '89.

VOLAPUK.

Take a teaspoonful of English,
 A modicum of Dutch,
 Of Italian just a trifle,
 And of Gaelic not too much;
 Some Russian and Egyptian,
 Add them unto the whole,
 With just enough to flavor
 Of the lingo of the Pole,
 Some Cingalese and Hottentot,
 A *soupcou*, too, of French,
 Of native Scandinavian
 A pretty thorough drench;
 Hungarian and Syriac,
 A pinch of Japanese,
 With just as much Ojibbeway
 And Turkish as you please.
 Now stir it gently, boil it well,
 And if you've decent luck,
 The ultimate residuum
 You'll find is Volupuk.

—Selected.

NOCTURNE.

That wizard architect, the Night,
 Hath spread with cunning hand
 The snow, with which the spires bedight
 Resemble Fairyland.

And dusting all with diamond-frost,
 He scrolls his mystic rune;
 While glow the floating clouds embossed
 With silver of the moon.

Thro' curtains stream the mellow bars
 Of light from towers above,
 That hides from all the eager stars
 The form of her I love.

Yet not a sound or note I made
 Upon the night's cold air,
 For light guitar or serenade
 Were discord to her prayer.

—Nassua Lit.

ASK NOT.

Prithee, ask not why I love you!
 Can the satellite discover
 Why it moves the same path over
 Daily round its brilliant lover?
 Can the planets give their reasons
 Why through all the changing seasons
 To their sovereign they are constant?
 (Hush! I see your look remonstrant.)
 Why do flowers seek the kisses
 Of the sunlight? (Heavenly blisses!)

Why do sunbeams softly quiver
 As they kiss the smiling river?
 Why do violets love the shadow?
 Why the buttercup the meadow?
 Why the larks go soaring high,
 'Mid the cloudlets, to the sky?
 When all these shall give their reasons,
 Birds, and streams, and skies above you,
 I shall tell you why I love you!

—Education.

THE MESSAGE.

I made a little song one day,
 Not over-sad nor over-gay,
 And every word thereof was full
 With praise of one most beautiful.

To her I sang it—while o'erhead
 The sunset deepened into red
 Behind the hills—word, song and
 verse,
 With utter love made wholly hers.

And so I put it from my heart,
 I said, "My song, since her's thou
 art,
 Save at her bidding it shall be,
 Return thou nevermore to me."

And as I lay to-day, quite still,
 Beside her grave upon the hill,
 The little song comes back, so clear,
 So sweet, I think she sent it here.

—Ex.

O'er wintry snows, in melancholy plight,
 A most pathetic, most suggestive sight,
 Ghosts of the summer joys are lingering yet,
 Held in the meshes of a tennis-net!

—Ex.

EXCHANGES.

"Oh, would the giftie some gift would gie us;
 To see our sils as ither people see us."
 But since she will not, let us all agree
 To tell each other what we seem to be.—Ed.

The first number of the *University*,
 a weekly magazine devoted to the in-
 terests of American colleges, comes to
 us replete with interesting and valua-
 ble information. Designed to give
 weekly the important doings in all our
 higher institutions of learning, it must

be the source of much material benefit and the promoter of mutual good feelings. It supplies a real need and we gladly welcome it in the field of college journalism.

One of the first to find its way into our sanctum this month and extend the greetings of the season fraternally was the *Colby Echo*. It is a creditable publication and always welcome among our exchanges.

An editorial in the *Hobart Herald* speaks of a complaint from some of the students that too much space is devoted to essays and class work which is of no interest to the students. We quite agree with the eds. in their view of the matter. In colleges that have but one publication, that one must necessarily be devoted to many interests. Of course, locals are of most interest to the students and should fairly represent the doings and sentiments of the boys; but to repeat campus gossip is not the only function of the true college journal. It must be the exponent of the college to the outside world, and it is the literary department almost alone that is of interest to the outsider. If some of the essays published were actual class exercises, so much the better is the literary character of your institution manifested, and the object of your journal accomplished.

The *Cadet* has filled its exchange column with clippings. Like the model small boy, it wishes "to be seen and not heard." Perhaps that suits the *Cadet*, but for our part we enjoy the familiar chats of our family circle of exchanges and fain would have our

say, and who, however humble, can fail to give and receive much benefit from earnest undissimulating conversation.

The *Bethany Collegian* has this month several well-written literary articles. The author of "Voices of Nature" displays a poetic appreciation of the beautiful which is always pleasant to be met with. The local department contained some references to the ladies that, to say the least, were decidedly ill-bred, especially in a co-educational journal.

The *Sunbeam* is a bright artistic little magazine and reflects credit upon its institution and editors. This thought, however, is suggested to us, that contributions to the literary department should generally be from those connected with the institution—professors, alumni, or students. It seems to us that we college editors need to especially guard against making our publications scrap-books of current literature.

Among all our literary exchanges, none holds a higher place in our estimation than the *Nassua Lit.* The following extract from "The Study of Models in Literature," might very properly be referred to the subject of reviewing standard periodicals by college editors. "Nothing but absolute perfection, such as man has not obtained, is entitled to admiration without hesitancy or inquiry. *It is no presumption, then, in any of us, as persons of respectable education and intelligence, to criticise the productions of great minds, provided we do it with an inquiring and not a supercilious spirit.*

"For it is true that faults may be

detected by those who are vastly inferior in genius to these authors. To have a true conception of what a thing should be is one thing, to have the power to fulfil the ideal is quite another. One who is unable, even in prose, to express his own thoughts with elegance may yet be competent to perceive and point out the defects which mar the style of other men. Judge, indeed, we must, or it were nearly or quite as well for us that no great work had ever been produced. For if, while studying blindly, we might derive some benefit from the beauties with which our minds are brought in contact, we should be sure also to receive material injury in being led to admire as beauties what are really defects."

The *Brunonian* is here with its usual number of interesting articles. We clip a portion of an editorial on theatre-going, and add "Them's my sentiments, tew." It says:

"We are far from believing that theatre-going is an evil, when properly indulged in; an evening at the play once in a while, when a good company is performing a respectable piece, we believe to be a healthful and pleasing relaxation to the mind. But we see too many of our friends and classmates who carry this matter to a monstrous excess; who go to see 'everything that comes along,' good, bad, or indifferent, and an indefinite number of times to the same thing. This we must believe to be radically wrong. We do not pretend to judge of the moral effect of excessive theatre-going; each must make his own judgment of that, but

positive practical harm results in two directions—there is a waste of money and a waste of time. Even the modest 'Dime' counts up in a long run, and there is little moral or mental benefit to be derived from most theatrical performances. If one must have diversion, there are lectures and concerts to be heard which would be of real, practical benefit to the student, and offer at any rate some adequate return for the investment. Furthermore, theatre-going seriously hinders college work by occupying the very part of the day best adapted for study, and compelling the student either to neglect his duty altogether, or to sacrifice his afternoon to in-door work. What an extraordinary change would appear in the standing of half-a-dozen friends whom we could name if they should turn into the paths of learning all the enthusiasm which they now bestow upon the stage!"

INTERCOLLEGIATE GOSSIP.

A "Henry George" club is Cornell's latest innovation.

Princeton expects to be transformed into a university.

Dartmouth has 418 students, and the University of Vermont, 347.

Gen. Benj. F. Butler is to give a fountain to Colby University.

The change in the marking system at Cornell has proved a success.

Cornell expects President and Mrs. Cleveland at their next Commencement.

Dr. McCosh, the retiring president of Princeton, is the favorite of the reviewer just now.

A Ramabui circle for the elevation of woman in India, has been formed at Cornell.

Neither at Cornell or the University of Minnesota, is attendance upon recitations compulsory.

Dr. Francis Wayland, dean of Yale Law School, has been elected a Fellow of Brown University.

The local editor of *The Sunbeam*, of Ontario Ladies' College, says, "Little women are the fashion this winter." What next?

Mrs. Clara S. Hayes and Miss Nellie E. Rawson have received the degree of Master of Domestic Economy (M. D.E.) from the Iowa Agricultural College.

Mr. Fay, of Los Angeles, Cal., who is to endow the new college for women, is said to have made his fortune of \$1,500,000 by fortunate investments in railroad and mining stocks.

Dr. Sargent has offered \$1,600 in prizes to persons of either sex who will approach the nearest to perfect physical development. The offer remains open until June 1, 1890.

Hazing is becoming quite popular among the co-eds. at Dickinson. Probably they terrify the guileless freshmen with apparitions of spiders, or put awful, real, live mice under each other's pillows.

There are 1,100 students, and a faculty numbering 130 at the University of Pennsylvania. This seems to be one of the most wide awake and progressive of American universities. The most recent projects of that estimable institution is the sending of an exploring expedition to Ancient Babylon,

under the direction of Dr. John P. Peters, and the building of a \$50,000 theatre to be used especially for classical plays.

Honors do not come singly to Lord Lytton. The ink is scarcely dry on the official papers appointing him minister to France, when he is made Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow.—*Public Opinion*.

Denver, Col., is to have a college for women, modeled after Wellesley or Vassar. The Ladies' College Society, which has the matter in charge, is to be incorporated, and will work to raise \$750,000 in real estate and cash.

The Stinnecke Scholarship, giving to the successful competitor of every third Sophomore class the sum of \$1500, has been awarded to Shick, '90. In this scholarship Princeton can boast of having the most valuable one of its kind offered by an American college.

It is a source of gratification to the American that it was not necessary, in casting about for some one competent to take charge of the Lick Observatory, to look beyond the limits of his own country, and again that there are Americans and Princeton alumni well qualified to become successors of Dr. McCosh.

The following is abridged from *Harper's Weekly*: "The Lick Observatory, situated on the highest summit of the Mont Diablo range, 4,200 feet above sea level, and about fifty miles from San Francisco, is completed. The atmosphere at that elevation is nearly free from mists. The stars, therefore, can be observed with the highest magnifying power. This is not only the

finest observatory in America, but the finest in the world. The telescope is 36 inches in aperture, and is moved and adjusted by the finest instruments that can be made. The corps of astronomers consists of Prof. Burnham of Chicago; Prof. Schoeberle, late of Ann Arbor; Prof. Keele of Alleghany Observatory; Prof. Barnard of Vanderbilt Observatory; and Prof. Hill, formerly in the United States coast survey. This splendid instrument, under such scientific control, is an honor to America, and a valuable acquisition to the whole scientific world. The observatory has been put under the permanent control of the University of California.

POTPOURRI.

TO PHILIPPUS.

The jockey's horse has feet of speed,
Maud S. has feet of fame;
The student's horse has none at all,
But it gets there just the same.—*Ex.*

This was written on the fly-leaf of a book on moral science: "If there should be another flood, for refuge hither fly; though all the world should be submerged, this book will still be dry."—*Ex.*

DISGUSTED.

"No, sir," he said to the captain,
"I am not seasick, but I'm disgusted
with the motion of the vessel."—*Ex.*

In Duruy's History of France is the following amusing historic bull. The writer says: "The first king of France was Pharamond, an imaginary being who had never existed. He was succeeded by his son."

She (early in the evening)—"Good evening, Mr. Sampson." Same She (late in the evening)—"Good night, Gene."

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

First Bostonian—"I see that Sullivan has met the Prince of Wales." Second Bostonian—"Is that so! Which whipped?"—*Judge.*

A professor having asked his class to write a paper on "The Results of Laziness," a certain bright youth handed in as his essay a blank sheet of paper.

AN EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.

A young scapegrace threw the ball at his sister and hit her on the back of the head so hard that the bawl came out of her mouth.—*Ex.*

Oliver Wendell Holmes used to be an amateur photographer. When he presented a picture to a friend he wrote on the back of it "Taken by O. W. Holmes & Sun."

The girls do not like to go unarmed. The young fellows will see that they have arms about them.

A LATIN SCHOLAR.

"I see that a post-mortem examination is often made in murder cases. What does a post-mortem examination mean?" asked a young wife of her better half. A post-mortem examination, my dear is intended to allow the victim to state verbally his own testimony against his assailant, and is taken down in writing." "Thanks, darling; and you won't look down on me, will you, because I haven't your education?" He said he wouldn't.—*Medical World.*

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LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Aeneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar. GREEK: In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's Greek Grammar. MATHEMATICS: In Loomis' or Greenleaf's Arithmetic, in Wentworth's Elements of Algebra, and Plane Geometry or Equivalents. ENGLISH: In Mitchell's Ancient Geography, and in Worcester's Ancient History.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismissal will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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